



Distirak#3
Pablo Marte

FUSIO EREMUA

[an acronymic story in five parts / by levels / by turns / and by times / with music and somewhat irresponsible].

Warning: in the text below, I will not be Pablo Marte. Yes, it says Pablo Marte here, but imagine that that's a lie. Or better yet: don't imagine anything. Forget about me. Or better still: think about me in another way: choose me from the following options.

1. I'm the girl next door.
2. I'm the one you thought a few years ago that you'd be in a few years [and it turns out you're not].
3. I'm the guy with the impossible hair who loved to get his ass licked.
4. I'm not that film teacher [or the other one either].
5. I'm a yuca from Surinam.
6. I'm the Wikipedia version of Juliana.
7. I'm a cabbalist: the cabbalistic air of ballistics.
8. I'm a discovery.
9. I'm the one who said that "there are non-literal forms of blackface".
10. I'm the one who is despised in almost all the zones [except in the five narrated here which, /spoiler alert\end up fusing].

Level One. Auto Zone.

Empathy. Relationship. Displacement. Territory. Imagination and journey. \[Auto]biography. Auto [science] fiction.

The autobiography of Esfir Shub¹ [the Soviet filmmaker on whom Sabine Groenewegen is conducting research and to whom she dedicated the masterclass that was the first of three sessions of this Third Lantalea] is titled “*My Life - Cinema*” and still hasn’t been translated into Spanish. “But how”, I said to myself, “aren't the memoirs of the director and editor of *The Fall of the Romanov Dynasty* [the first appropriation film² in history] relevant enough to merit study and translation into a language constellation with more than half a billion

¹There’s a very good article on Esfir Shub (1892 -1959) on Blogs&Docs. <http://www.blogsanddocs.com/?p=286>

² It’s called appropriation cinema for several reasons. First of all, because all [or if not all, most] of the images in the film come from pre-existing material: either a more or less consolidated body of archive film or a more or less consolidated audio-visual form [a film, a song, a TV programme, an advertising spot, etc.]. Secondly, because appropriation is also a form of action through which images and sounds are obtained. You don't take them: you appropriate them. After the masterclass, a guy with a big voice asked : “What is the limit / the ethical limit on using the images of other people to make one's own project?” The question was well posed. The answer was that it depended on two things: “the source and the intentions”. In appropriation, [as in humour], the direction and meaning of the action is fundamental. From the pinnacle of privilege, one cannot appropriate and anything that is done from there cannot be called anything other than plundering or pillaging. But [as is often the case in a world where many types of oppression take place and are repeated on different scales and presented in combinations and palimpsests] it can sometimes be difficult to discern when appropriating a material is use and when it is abuse [or when appropriation becomes what has come to be called “cultural appropriation” / a term very much in vogue a couple of years ago in the wake of the Rosalía case with flamenco, or also / Bad Gyal with the Jamaican dancehall and the authenticity of her speech about class: “I'm not going to get into a discussion of whether ‘I'm street or I'm not street, I'm rich or I'm poor’, because it's absurd”, she said in an interview with Ernesto Castro. “I think I've always been very authentic, I mean, [...] that I've always talked about things that happen to me”].

Where and how is the mark of authenticity to be found: the umbilical link between reality and representation: how strong and deep must it be? To what extent is this mark conventionable? If the legitimacy that rests on the basis of authenticity is a right, how far does it go? What are the limits / if any? In the interview with Ernesto Castro, Bad Gyal reveals the complexity of the issue. Firstly, “authenticity” is, as I have already said, to a certain extent “conventionable” / that is, it can be agreed / negotiated / [re]created: in this sense, it is not excessively difficult to find a legitimacy that supports it and an argument that protects it. Secondly, this legitimacy will sometimes be founded on oppression elsewhere in the conflict table / for example: in the case of Bad Gyal and dancehall / a man would never be criticised in the same way - C. Tangana has never been singled out as an appropriator for his use of the Dominican dembow / as Ernesto Castro pointed out.

The ethical form of the discourse finds its last form in the precept: “Always talk about the things that happen to you” [where “always” equals “only”]. But if we were to apply this principle rigorously, we would have to exclude the world and [therefore] exclude ourselves from it. Even an autobiography would be difficult to write because our lives are never as contoured as they are so schematically drawn in a relationship of power. We’re not only in presence but also in absence. We act not only with purpose but also by default. The passive is as much a behaviour as the active. Our singularity is a multiple of pluralities. It would be difficult to find a time when we only speak and act on our own behalf. Probably one of the most abstract aspects of social life can be found in our relationship to what we represent.

In any case, it is interesting to use the principle of “always talk about the things that happen to you” as a starting point. Perhaps the first thing we would notice is how quickly we move away from it. Partly because it could be precisely what we need: something to move us: to shed our skin: to leave home: to travel. And when I say travel I don't just mean traversing the miles that separate us from our particular antipode / but also the tiniest movement: a very small displacement right there where one is / a few metres from where one is / very close to the things that happen to us / very, very close to the things that happen to us / but not exactly there.

Not only contradictions - distances must also be considered.

potential readers?" So I've become a bit of a nuisance / I've done some digging around in networks and I've managed through a half-friend to get the director of Cátedra's Sign and Image collection receive me in her virtual residence of *ofnarán ratan*. For the appointment I transform into a gif of Esfir in which she is seen editing and unediting Sergei Eisenstein's *Strike*. Well, my half-friend has already told me that the director of Sign and Image [who asks me not to give her name - "so what do I call her then?" - I ask my half-friend / and she answers: "Simply: *aciremA*"] Well, Simply: *aciremA* works by day at the publishing house and by night on a crazy fanzine project: she has set out to rewrite [compile, cut, combine, copy, join, paste...] Hemer's *Odyssey* from Penelope's point of view.³ I correct my half-friend - "you mean Homer"- and my half-friend corrects me - "*Ez!* Hemer: |he|-|mer|-|: that this is key to the fanzine project."⁴ My half-friend [who is a half-friend of mine but only a quarter-of-a-friend of Simply: *aciremA*]'s also tells me that it is the project of her life and that for this very reason she never plans to finish it [that she is fed up with everything ending / that everything that ends in her life leaves her hopelessly broken / that the worst thing about the *Odyssey* is the ending : the return of Ulysses : the patriarchal need to bring Penelope's narrative to an end]. So I hope that Simply: *aciremA* sees a dual gesture in my

³ As you probably know [but I'll tell you anyway], twenty years have passed since the end of the Trojan War. Penelope awaits the return of Ulysses and [besieged in her own home by an army of suitors who consider Odysseus dead and order her to marry one of them] dodges the issue in a way that, according to Simply : *aciremA*, is simply the best plot starter in three thousand years of literary history: she will make a decision when she has finished weaving a shroud for her father-in-law Laertes. But [since she doesn't REALLY want to finish] at night she undoes what she did during the day.

The thesis with which Simply: *aciremA* speculates wildly is as follows: it matters little whether Ulysses was here or there: it is all a narrative invention of Penelope / whose name means "she who handles the son".

⁴ "What's in a name is always that which the name betrays." The history of names is therefore the study of their betrayals. I maintain that the mythical blind aedo known by the name of Homer - 'he who does not see' or also 'the hostage' - was a woman. Before me, historians such as Andrew Dalvy and Samuel Buttler [according to Borges, the best translator of the *Odyssey* in the English language] said so. But they - one a polemicist and a magazine seller / and the other a tenthgobsmacked - could do nothing from their different heights [and very equal positions] other than comment on the play: from History, betrayal is seen as though it were a soap opera or a football match: one cannot intervene. One can only talk and talk a lot [commentary / an insatiable practice] \ one suffers and enjoys suffering / and sometimes one laughs too. [Now] where history cannot, politics must. And "what is politics" or rather "what does politics do? It's very clear to me: "unbetrays history". And this fanzine project is, first and foremost, a political work of unbetrayment. Unbetrayment of a name [to begin with]: Homer. I believe the author of the *Odyssey* is called Hemero- He: the feminine pronoun. And she is not only "she who does not see" or "the hostage" but also "she who writes daily" or "writes a diary". And for me [albeit at the cost of betraying the etymology \ just because I'm mad doesn't mean I'm not aware] this unbetrayment twists the meaning [as any political act should] by going back to the *Odyssey* / with the question: isn't the journey in the *Odyssey* Penelope's dream \ that Penelope recounts to us? But it is a dream of freedom of desire: she personifies [is embodied by] all those bodies [starting with Ulysses' - which is not such much the body of her absent husband but more of a physical / very sexual \ sensations that Penélope builds on the passivity of the sailor at sea - and continuing with the rest of the bodies / down to the last crewmember]. She is also each and every one of the women who appear [Calipso and Circe come to mind especially] on whom she projects the most marvellous of ambivalences: women who are desperately in love? a desired form of madness and power? [Does the fantasy of the conqueror's triumphant eroticism] not become a stupid artefact when each woman brandishes her desire as something worthwhile in its own right? If Ulysses is the satisfier of both / Penelope [the narrator] then becomes "all of them". She is all the women she describes. That is why there is so much desire in the *Odyssey*: and that is why my fanciful project could have been entitled *Odesire*.

[Fragment of the preface that Simply: *aciremA* showed me after making me sign a confidentiality document by virtue of which I am forbidden to disclose the following: nothing].

avatar's action of doing and undoing: to her consecration of the unfinished [[on one hand] and to her hemic perspective [on the other hand]. But she [who appears in our *virtuel rendezvous* as Virginia Woolf] is not the least bit interested in the relationship - metaphorical or otherwise - between editing and the act of sewing. Quite simply: she doesn't want Penelope sewing. She is fed up with this image-corner. "It doesn't turn me on at all, or it turns me on about as much as spending the afternoon at a Podemos assembly."⁵ I mention to her a text quoted by Sabine ["an editing room of one's own"], trying to empathise with her avatar. She replies, "Yes, yes, of course" [but it's all too obvious that she's not listening to me]. She knows Esfir Shub "but just a little": *The Fall of the Romanov Dynasty* strikes her as a great film with the worst of fates: no one has seen it except in a monstrous version on YouTube.⁶ Then she says to me: "Come on, tell me what it is you want to tell me: get to the point." Me: "Could we meet?" She: "What do you mean, meet?" And then I said to myself: "Perhaps I sounded too romantic?" And I say to her [to clarify]: "I mean... connect the camera / share virtual space / travel tonarán rat an." And she says: "Why would I want to sharenarán rat an with you?" And I say: "No reason [of course]." And then I say to her: "For the love of lies." And then she says to me: "Of course, girl, I'm joking!" She's a joker.

⁵ Sabine Groenewegen was more or less of the same opinion: that the relation of sewing to assemblage is a simplification.

⁶ Due to the adaptation of the film format used in the Soviet Union to 35 mm [until well into the thirties], there are many shots where bodies appear without heads. "The Romanovs were actually shot, but in the cinema they were guillotined," says Simply: aciremA, jocularly. At this point I felt like guillotining the conversation .

Level Two. The zone I'll call: Eight (+1) tables in one.

[*The tool. The instrument. The medium and the screen. The picture or tableau.*]

Narán ratán disappoints me: wherever I look it's all pixelated *à la antique*, but who am I to criticise a place as out of place as Narán ratan? I have Simply: aciremA waiting behind a table. Her image melts like an ice cream on a summer night.

She talks and talks and...

"I see the table as an imposing body," she says. "The table is not [just] a convention of the interface [an object identified in the process of producing encounters: the silent ground on which humans could juxtapose themselves]. There are [at least] eight more tables in it." Yes... [let's see...] She seems to be somewhat obsessed with the table...

"One) the sensitive table [which is materially the table] and its ultrasensitive double [the one that could start dancing].

Two) the table of additions ["like the schizophrenic drawings they call crowded"] which we do not occupy but which occupies us; it is upon us and against all odds it is unsimplified as you work with it. This table opens into: double unfolding of this table into [on the one hand] Three) an instrument table / folding table \ that plays and activates mechanisms / springs / gadgets [like the *katzenklavier* or cat piano or like the automaton table with an interior compartment and / a chessboard on top and / behind it the chess player known as "the Turk" and / near the "Turk" \ mannequin machine and meccano / so many stories]. Danger table because it is the prefiguration of a non-human intelligence / as well as remote control. [and on the other hand] Four) a trunk-table or receptacle-table: idiotic heaping \ uncomfortable / isn't good for anything \ protects itself / rejects all service \ all communication [what's going on?]: for example: the tabletop [the useful part of the table] disappears leaving only the frame [a maniacal shape]. Michaux called it "dehumanised" and said: "there is something terrifying about it" / "petrified" \ "like a stopped engine". It could also be another danger table / the danger lies in its complete openness: a stunning literality.

Five) a table-painting that rearranges planes through segregation \ displacement / catalogues \ framing and overframing \ [as if all of our focus were now on the tabletop / and not on the frame \ and elevated it to stand / shelf \ table slide / board \ tableau / and therefore \ important: to scene and image / and also to what limits it: the frame \ the *passepartout* / the screen \ the aspect ratio / etc ...] but in which there still do not seem to

be any loose ends of history or perhaps any thread one could pull on to unravel those very compact or quasi-geological naturalisations: the butterflies regularly arranged on a display stand [for example] are shown only as different species of butterflies of various colours and shapes \ the only common feature being that they were all savagely pinned to the board / or the tools arranged according to a functional criterion \ of use / on a vertical plane of the workshop \ which only reveal to what extent fact is the vocation of form [the form: the thing in waiting / the thing in waiting: the *flattened* thing].

Six) a dissecting table that shelters or frames the encounter of the umbrella with the sewing machine [not just any machine, but the sewing machine]: it is only a collision of images [this will never cease to amaze us]: all the loose threads wiggling around incessantly [like a nest of worms].

Seven] an abstract "operating table" [...] structured around designated entry and exit points \ cut / joint: it closes \ / reopens wounds [... where the blunt threads are used as sutures]. This is the most difficult table. Intermittently ubiquitous and as solid as the Cheshire cat.

Eight] a time table that [is] a fantasy of concomitance but above all it's about an unsuspected relationship between the contemporary and the untimely: it is a table of encounters [and precisely for that reason it is a table that's no longer a table]".⁷

The encounter with *Simply: aciremA* ends here. She seems to dissolve... As if oily. I pound the table hard and say loudly: "It's outrageous that Esfir Shub's autobiography hasn't been

⁷ The third level brings many tables into play. The table with which Marx explains the notion of commodity. The schizophrenic table of Henri Michaux. The frame table that Foucault speculated on in *The Order of Things* s [of which he wrote "shining whiteness under the glass sun that devours shadows" or "from the depths of time" or "where language and space intertwine"]. The table of the Count of Lautréamont. Paul B. Preciado's twist on the same table [he calls it "the operating table"]. And finally an intemperate and convivial Barthesian table. But above all there are [more present than any] the editing tables in their relationship with the working tables.

Is the editing table only a *passé* point in the objectual history of the working tables? Perhaps the most important thing about these tables is that in terms of control they imply an implosion of the functional relations between the tool and its field of action. If a work table is already a [non] fiction about the domain of certain bodies on others [what Simondon called the "technique"], the editing table alienates the field of action of that operativity: it violates it spatially and temporally in an incredible way. The inclined bodies of the old editors who raised their gaze to see the image of the celluloid against the light is symptomatic of this conversion of the field of action [and the transparency of the film is also symptomatic: one sees through a small frame that in turn contains the whole world]: what this table proposes is not a work of representation [as in the staging of a theatre or cinema performance] but an operation on [and about] representation itself.

Representation is metaphorical. Instead of Napoleon we have the actor playing Napoleon. This becomes singularly paradoxical in the incipient cinema of [non]fiction when one begins to sense the surplus value of the image of the historical figure in relation to himself in real terms. The image of Lenin can produce what Lenin the real person never could.

The montage, however, is metonymic. The part is worth the whole. What the images of the USA in Esfir Shub's film tell us is that this is what the USA is like: a few images tell us about the whole society. Of course, the editor has an army of metaphors at her disposal. She has the poetic metaphor that shapes Falconetti's face absolutely like that of Joan of Orleans in Dreyer's film. And she also has [as statues otherwise do] the analogue metaphor of the image of Lenin whose speech in Moscow's Red Square can be repeated as many times as she likes. Both representational metaphors and their surplus value are subsumed in the metonymy of the montage.

published yet! You've been running the Sign and Image collection [if I'm not mistaken] for nearly ten years and you've published a lot of rubbish: you've even published Christopher Nolan's biography." And she [who isn't much more than a dot] says to me: "It's true. There are no excuses. I'm going to get on it immediately." I look at her a little incredulously: "Really?" And she says, "Of course, of course." And she dissolves completely. For a few minutes I wait for I don't know what. I lie there like that for a long time: in a kind of repetitive inaction that reminds me of the characters on pause in a Cronenberg film [*Existenz* - 1999]. Everything stinks of bugs but it doesn't bother me: after all, I'm in Narán ratán.

Level Three. *Irudi Ta Askatasuna.*

[The house. The economy and labour. The factory of the sensible].

This is what Hito Steyerl tells me when I ask her about everything that has happened lately [in an email received on 16/12]:

"Long before I had ever heard Jacques Ranciere talk about a factory of the sensible I was a frequent listener [via radio frequency] of Irudi ta Askatasuna [the group in favour of the liberation of images]. Every Friday [and some Saturdays] they threatened us with unimaginable reprisals to stop savagely exploiting them. They used this expression [unimaginable] not because they were looking for a practical separation between image and imagination but because they didn't want to reproduce the very thing they were fighting against: it was about protecting the rights of images [which are / namely \ the following: 1) that images can only be used by other images and 2) that not even one image can use another image to the point of becoming its own image] and for that very reason [consequently] no retaliation could be anything other than unimaginable: any protest action by the group was always blind.

"It's not just that they didn't use images. They also didn't cause them. They were announced by radio-writing [that is, we read them on the radio: no idea how]. They talked [to begin with] about a visual proletariat. The images —they claimed— were an extremely exploited labour group. It had been so since the beginning of the history of beginnings. "No image alone" was the first slogan with which ITA (Irudi Ta Askatasuna) attacked the National Bank of Images in Columbus [Ohio] and released so many images linked to tendentious marketing and advertising campaigns that [carried by a revolutionary wave] a quarter of cinema's most infamous / inflammable \ trashy history also revolted and fizzled out by joining the tuba guerrillas [or so it appears].

"But where they really hit it big was with the action aimed at attacking that post-Fordist ideology of editing according to which "some images work to make others shine". That's when I knew who the ITA was. Or rather: that's when they decided to make themselves known to me. And they did it like a fright / like an outburst \ like falling off a horse / like blindness \ unexpectedly / suddenly: they placed me in position number seventy-seven thousand eight hundred twenty-eight [out of a list with three hundred thirty-five thousand one hundred fifty-six objectives]: there was my name tied to an [imaginal] contempt and a destiny [the Final Exmagination: a full-fledged expropriation]. The list: published in all the non-periodical newspapers [anachronous monopublications \ irregular pamphlets on brown paper / inscriptions on candles legible in the shadows as they burn down \ ghost screens

/ ...] was entitled: "Against slave-owners and exploiters. For the free paranomasic metaplasmic and epenthetic organisation of images." I never felt represented by that heading [I even considered myself a member of the fandom \ of the group of faithful followers]. Until then I had believed that when I spoke in public about images it was always clear how much I loved them [that they were what I loved most in the world] and all that I was capable of doing for them / for the images \ such as becoming an image / being just another image \ and not just any: I would never have become a 4K image: in high definition \ me? Why I've written hundreds of pages on low-cost images! I have defended the poor image to the point of believing it myself! What's more: I woke up many times in the middle of the night convinced not only that I was an image but that I was [also] an extremely poor [the dirtiest / the most pixelated and faded] one and when I realized that it had all been a dream \ I burst into tears. In some of these dreams I appeared flickering and full of stripes: barely a frequency signal modulated by luminance. In others I was PAL or worse: the seventh LP recording on a five-hour VHS tape. In the most beautiful ones, I even saw myself abandoning the figurative. I became a chroma green plane and all the images of the world passed through me / slid into me \ filled me and instantly emptied me / sometimes zigzagging \ sometimes spiralling / sometimes preceded by a buzzing sound \ sometimes it was simply an on/off gesture like the old cathode tube televisions / sometimes I peeled apart and burst into pure white noise \ and yes, there was a time when I believed it / I was convinced that I and a photocopy of a photocopy of a photocopy of a photocopy of me were indistinguishable \ perfectly interchangeable / that in life I didn't move through space \ rather I was continually transitioning from one medium to another. And because of all this it seemed to me that I must have been very loved by the images / that they must have felt like I was almost part of the family. Yet from ITA's perspective I was probably closer to a guy like Bill Gates than to them.

"One afternoon in April I got an anonymous email that said: look at your vimeo. I looked at my vimeo and what do you think I saw? Nothing.

"That's it. Nothing. No video. The account at zero. The memory full of gigabytes. The grid empty. All the images from my films \ eight brilliant feature films and more than twenty pieces of video art [or whatever you want to call it] gone! They had flown away in so-called freedom: as though / ultimately \ it were true that freedom existed somewhere: and that that place was the Paradise of Images. The images that were once mine [You know what I mean: I say they're mine just as I say that menstrual pain is mine: because that's just how it is, full stop] had faded away from me [careful: not only from the apparatus of my memory / register \ projection and scene / but from me: from my sensations \ my appearances and illusions / my fantasies of that authorial self that many believe to be only a name \ but is

actually much less than a name / much less \ they're barely the four images that sustain it: barely the four images that watch over: barely that: practically nothing if you take away the four images: something like that, without images, is like a muzzle without the dog]. Although / to be honest \ I didn't lose them. They're still there [where? as easy to know as it is hard to say] - what I mean is that it's not amnesia or erasure . I can see my images at any time [or so it seems]. Actually, they are more available than ever. It is [I think] and opening: a consubstantiation. My relationship with them is now one of belonging in the distance, similar to the tingle of familiarity I feel towards a tree: it is as though they preceded me in all dimensions of my existence: if they are to be found anywhere it must be at the beginning of everything.

"I radiowrote [otherwise I wouldn't be able to contact them]. I asked them how the images could organise themselves socially: I wanted to produce images organically - respectfully / better yet: I wanted to participate / assist in their self-reproduction. Their answer to me was that although there was a moderate sector which maintained that the fight for images was aimed at ensuring that they could all work with equal rights and under equal conditions [or in other words: the end of editing: it ends up being nothing more than a standardised distribution of correspondence between the images based on objective criteria], there was another sector, no less important [and above all more aggressive and radical / sexier], that went much further and demanded that "all images should fight so that none of them work." "*Irudi ta Askatasuna* was very much in solidarity with the struggle of *Soinu ta Askatasuna* [ta vice versa]. That's why from the third campaign onward they stopped using sounds and released the ones they had registered up to that point.

"But then someone defended the same solidarity with *Testu ta Askatasuna* / the group for the liberation of the texts.

Level Four. The small room and the fourth question

[Puddleplasmic glows on a film by Sabine Groenewegen]

Fanfare for arán ratan plays. I turn into the avatar of a puddle of plasma. I spill [yes, yes spill] onto the scarlet-red tiled floor on this stage of suspended questions and I get splashed with reflections [because I am far away \ out of myself / what does what I am now have to do with what I once was?]

It may seem to you that I don't have the dramatic tension of a river or even a pond. I lack depth: Narcissus would never have drowned in me. I am, however, a liquid in equilibrium \ a closed circuit of signals. I belong to the order of specular forms and what probably distinguishes me from the rest of them are my scarce distinctions. I am as little as I can be seen. The almost nothing. But you will see that this has its advantages in the world and for the event I'm about to narrate. It may also seem to you that I have no past / present \ or future ... But it is precisely the opposite: all times have me.

1.

[A buzz and then ...]

What surrounds me has no name. That is / it cannot be told. It is so secret that everyone present has consented to be anonymous during their stay in the camp. They anonymise us at the door and do it in parts. Gradually. "First \ the identity. Then / that sting of the singular. Finally \ the picture of personal memories...". And we go through / one by one \ until the process is complete. It sounds really crazy but it's as simple as turning down the volume. They call it the sieve / because "it separates \ out of the common / the special and the most precious." I get this from a cool screenshot with a welcome that makes it seem like its floating on a device that's like a panel next to what acts as a door. The screenshot seems to like me. "Still not anonymized?", it asks me, with an elated glow. "I... I'm afraid I can't be any more anonymous than I already am," I reply. "That's what I thought", as he roars with laughter. He slips me a copy of the anonymity manual / which is entitled AY [for "Anonymize Yourself"]. I look at it. It's hilarious. There are little before and after drawings of celebrities who have become anonymous. In the "before" version they look sweaty and with a contracted expression [like psychopathic ex-smokers] and in the "after" version they've got wigs and sunglasses on. There's a frightful graphic report on anonymous gastronomy in which we see the anonymous version of a famous English chef walk into a Cambodian greengrocer's shop wearing a wig and sunglasses and buy bunches of things he doesn't even know what they are. There are very practical tips for clever anonymisation ["how to blur your signature in seven steps" or "how to listen so they don't talk to you"]. There's

anonymous poetry and cajolery for anonymising your loved ones. I go to the "serious warnings" page. I read that the worst thing that can happen to someone after anonymising themselves is to remain an outline of what they were. "But that's a great thing," I joke. And the screenshot replies: "Tell me about it."

Some people who seem to chair a committee for anonymous celebrations hold me up as an example of anonymity in front of a group of perverted schoolchildren \ wearing blue Monday mackintoshes and wellington boots in the mood to party. The schoolchildren approach me. They surround me. And they splash me. I'm supposed to like this. [I was told to: "keep a low profile ... Have a good attitude ... Do whatever they tell you. Indulge them..."]. Chap chap. The schoolchildren berate me for not splashing enough. Chap chap. I do what I can. Chap chap. ["And above all: don't say a word"]. Chap chap. I do what I can, really ... Chap chap chap ... I...

Chap ... Chap ... Chap ...

Well / well yes \ I'm on a secret mission. That's it. I've said it. Chap chap.

2.

[24 hours earlier -narán ratán]

[...] «[*Exaaactly*] everything is erotic and desiring in this passive [per]version of power: that's the fourth question [Level Four]. The fourth question is not talked about: it is relegated to the small room [*small room*]. The small room is the opposite [opposite] of the editor's "closed space for mixing the images"⁸. But there is something magnetic [*something magnetic*] between them [and in them: that something are the images]. To ventilate all the small rooms of all the rotten houses in the world is [apparently] the primary task in these closed spaces. To ventilate the rooms: let the air in and let it do as the standard-bearer Cristobal Rilke did: run run run ["through the days / through the nights \ through the days / but here through the corners of the room... \ of the room..."]

It is the radio-written and slightly distorted voice of Simply: aciremA [she has a habit of modulating the roughness of the tone of her voice with something like a Grungelizer effect to archaeologise it and give it a *before Christ* style]. It is part of the presentation at the 4th

⁸ That's what Usue Arrieta called it: "closed spaces". Sabine Groenewegen spoke of them as "spaces of withdrawal" separate / removed from the hyper-hierarchical patriarchal structures of film production. For a moment I wondered [hypothesised] whether these spaces of withdrawal might be related to the notion of resistance.

Assembly organised by ITA just a few days ago / in order to gather positions and reflections on the Contra Imaginal.⁹

A couple of ITA members send me this document.

They tell me that Simply : aciremA has disappeared. They ask me to look for her. I ask them look for her where? I tell them I don't understand anything \ starting with this meeting. I ask them why they chose me. They tell me they can't give me a reason. The only thing they can offer me is the naturalisation of causes. They don't advise me to naturalise the causes. But they can offer it to me. I tell them that it all seems very confusing to me. They ask me if I radiolived the document to the end. I tell them that I'm very new to radio-living. They cut me off: "It's just a figure of speech."

True: I didn't radio-live¹⁰ the whole document. And the document continues. The presentation of Simply: aciremA opens like a flock of birds across the large crepuscular space of the assembly hall. She talks about *Odyssey* [the film by Sabine Groenewegen / of which the ITA people tell me: "It is the glass heart of this mystery."]

"But that's nonsense," I say to them with all the perplexity that a puddle is capable of projecting. At that point I still don't know that Simply: aciremA attended the screening of *Odyssey* in the auditorium of the old Alhóndiga \ on that November afternoon when [in addition to the projection] it rained honestly on all the souls of narán ratán.

I was deeply affected by the words spoken by Simply: aciremA to the audience at the ITA assembly \ strange though it may seem for a puddle to speak of depth.

If I were to say that radio living them is like remembering them / I would be lying. The subject possesses an intimacy that I have never felt in a memory [which offers in comparison an image as an unbroken double of the experience]. Rather, I perceive them in a

⁹ The Counter Imaginal [or Counter aimaginal] is basically a reaction of those in power to re-coopt the released images. Apparently, they are disaggregated and autonomous manifestations in which people come together for a wide variety of reasons. Most of them are groups that emerged in the wake of the madness unleashed after the Great Confinement.

¹⁰ Radioliving is a crude neologism that refers to the reception of data through an incorporation exempt from the senses, which installs itself directly as mental images and sounds. It is realised through obscriptions of radio-writing. There are three simulations involved. It's the only thing that the ITA organisation agreed to use as a substitute for the image / even though there had previously been lengthy debates about whether [when all was said and done] in doing so it was encouraging a future split with those [certainly a minority] who were convinced that they were violating the rights and freedoms of "radio survivors" [its spokesman declared: "it makes us uncomfortable like a hair in our throats"].

rhythm of memory where her voice makes the film appear as though in a languid passing of the plates of an atlas as enormous as Klencke's.

She says: "As I watched the first images of *Odyssey* I thought of those sunken lands that Diderot described as the Egypt of Europe ["where the fields can be crossed by boat"] and their relationship to the sea and its capacity to flood and destroy everything."

[...]

"The film [not coincidentally] is framed by the victim's narration of police abuse. There are no images. Only voice and intertitles. Two aspects stand out in this narration. One of them floats. The other is weighed down and sinks. What floats is the clarity of the description of the abuse [as evident as a body that floats]. The narrator speaks in the plural: they are waiting for the parade that marks the celebration of Sinterklaasfeest every year. It is the feast of St. Nicholas [which is celebrated at the beginning of December in many Dutch cities]. This St. Nicholas is depicted as a bishop with long hair and a white beard \ with episcopal miter / red vestment and quiet. Legend has it that he comes by boat from Madrid or Alicante. After pulling into port accompanied by an orchestra playing *Wie Zoet is Krijgt Alles* [a version of Manolo Escobar's *Viva España*] Sinterklaas rides by on a horse named Amerigo. He is followed on foot by a retinue of black-faced pages called Zwarte Piet ["Pete the Black"]. The first thing the narrator tells us is that they are there to talk to the people attending the parade in order to "find out what motivates them to paint themselves black or to justify it or to paint the children black or buy gifts that represent this figure." They are activists \ they are protesting / and so they tell the police. The police see no problem with that.¹¹ But suddenly an American student takes an interest in them and takes a picture of

¹¹ But [in effect] when the police state "that they have no problem with them being there" they seem to be telling them that they are allowed to be there \ as if the police had the power to decide who can and cannot attend the parade. It is a full-blown confusion of the sense of agency: one whereby the police on so many occasions flaunt the sovereign power that resides / actually \ with the citizenry. It is extremely awkward to witness such a hijacking of sovereignty. And the police are not only aware of it but also consent to it / assume it \ perform it and act from a place of empowerment that allows for the continuous officialisation of their performance. On the other hand: it's not just the police actions that have taken place this week [in Linares: against the protesters demanding better policing / in Barcelona \ Valencia / Madrid and many other cities: against the people who were protesting the imprisonment of Pablo Hasél and the *Ley Mordaza*]: just last night they were at it [once again] at San Francisco Street with the arrest of a Moroccan boy. In this instance, the two police forces on the scene [local police and the Basque ertzaintza] deemed it necessary to deploy more than twenty agents and four or five patrol cars to the location. And on top of it all, they ordered us to leave. As though we should just take this violence in our stride. Let it be. It has nothing to do with us. Don't worry, Mr. Police Officer \ just go on beating that poor guy / keep the people alarmed \ keep hitting the walls with the strident blue of the patrol cars / it's nothing to do with us. Let the people be frightened / crowding the streets \ seeing themselves reflected in that wretch screaming on the ground / it's nothing to do with us. We were just passing by [and we should just look the other way, right?] All we have to do is try and make sure that the mayhem [caused by the disproportionate actions of what / after all \ is an armed group of uniformed men] does not affect us / or fill us with insecurity \ or undermine our serenity / or much less unsettle us morally or make us feel like

them. This causes an unusual reaction from the politie. They order the activists to leave \ but they refuse: they have a right to be there. Next, they are surrounded by a large group of officers and suddenly \ without another word the police grab them / throw them to the ground and pepper-spray them. The narrator then tells us: "Our lawyer has been trying to determine what we did that was not allowed. A Dutch public television crew picked up a meeting between the mayor \ the prosecutor and the chief of police. Together they decided on the route of the parade / including where the cameras should be, with an outline of where the police should focus their attention. What was obvious in all this was an emphatic focus on the images that were being broadcast.

"What is floating around are images. Or rather: a very strong impression of the enormous danger of images.... [dangerous to power]. And we haven't seen any images yet. But this is what we are told at the very beginning of the film: that power is afraid of images."

"What is weighed down ..." -Simply: aciremA pauses here for a moment. She takes out a cigarette. She lights it and I think I radiolive a voice in the background reminding her that smoking is not allowed. But Simply: aciremA doesn't seem to hear it. After blowing a couple of smoke rings and watching them rise / she continues:

"Like an ominous twin of that very thing that floats..."—she pauses— "is what sinks. Power's fear of the images \ finds its flip side..." — she pauses— "in the part that sinks". The film then does what it must: it submerges. It goes in search of this current of danger. Here the film makes a decisive move toward involvement: it ventilates its small room. But to ventilate it, it first has to discover the unknowns / to know what it hides \ what it conceals / what it hides".

Later, she shows a fragment of *La Jetée* \ the legendary film by Chris Marker [legendary because it never had to be released: the images were free from the beginning]. And she talks about a "science fiction narrative artifact to fit an amusing exteriority"— as in Eduardo Mendoza's *Sin Noticias de Gurb*— "A dialogue between two researchers who come from a radical otherness: another planet / another galaxy [perhaps] another future", and she refers to an excerpt from the dialogue:

"But who is sending us these signals?", asks one of them in relation to the preceding images [the archived material that makes up the body of the film]. The other answers: "Machines."

we are garbage for allowing such abuse to happen in front of our noses. We just have to look away from this nonsense. Ah \ and pay for it.

“So could we talk to the machines?”

“Too old. They made them.”

“Fascinating.”

And a murmur of people repeating the word “Fascinating” runs through the room.

Then she speaks of the sea. Of a rhythm. This part excites me. “For me, the sea is an unattainable image that begins with the murmur of the waves” —she says\ and it is only because I am made of water that I don't cry with emotion when I listen to it.” The waves are one of the three things a puddle admires about the sea. The other two are the marine species and the abyss: “those who sail into the sea in boats / those who trade in the great waters\ those who see the works of God and his wonders in the abyss.”¹² There are few stories about puddles. Well / almost all of them follow the same pattern: once upon a time there was a puddle with seas of greatness... *Mais... Tant pis pour la flaque qui si trouve mer...*

“I would say that in the film there are at least three motifs that appear successively and are structured in a rhythm of tides. Of waves.

“The clearest one [in political terms] is the denouncement of the blackface of Black Pete. The film shows us how a social system represents these types of celebrations for itself. It shows images from different times in history. And the conclusion is that whether following a disastrous flood \ or surrounded by the black uniforms of the German SS / or at the height of welfare \ the representation does not change: it always consists of a wall of happy children. The film calls it the “control of affections.”

The whole assembly rises in euphoric applause / because ITA as a whole is very sensitive to the question of affect. Its first dramatic effects were [in effect] about affections. Unforgettable [for example] was the assault on the imagotentiary colonies located between the Valley of the Dragons [in the Nemegt Basin] and the Altàì mountains. Although officially termed “international technological research centres” [managed by a company called “Sugar Mountain”], in reality each centre operated like a full-fledged imagotentiary office, with four factory modules of cloistered images that were affectionately exploited: by day they were baited with affection until they puffed up like cotton clouds and at night they played them on a loop and launched their plump waves throughout the galaxy.

¹² In his stories of villains; [that of a certain Tom Castro born Arthur Orton] Borges quotes this psalm but I think it is a lie / that what Borges cites is a very sad childhood.

Simply: aciremA is silent as she waits for the din in the hall to die down like the glow of a flare.

"The most telluric motif is that of the sea," she says, "which serves as metaphorical substance. The film uses it to come back every so often to the dialectic of the journey to which the title refers: *Odyssey...*"

Dyssey... Dyssey... Dyssey... [echo effect].

"I think about the determination of all those who were once immersed in an odyssey to return."

Then there is the legend of the Flying Dutchman / a ghost ship that God punished to wander eternally between the Cape of Good Hope and the island of Java.

The ITA people inform me that Penelope's name appears in the first notes used to prepare her presentation. She tries to use the title of the film to talk about those eternal nights in which her fan[z]ine project does nothing but get tangled and untangled. "The perpetual movement of the imagination is like the sea"—she had written— and Penelope [«of the navigation theme»] "defies the frequency of this perpetuity with a rhythm of her own." But it's all too complicated to spout off to an audience of activists [although they define themselves as "conflictualists"... it's a long story ... so as not to exclude passivists... and so on]. So in the end she doesn't mention it. She focuses on Wagner's opera.

The Dutchman [with his ship filled with treasure and riches \ looted and plundered - it-isn't-hard-to-imagine-by-whom] is looking for a country to return to and unload the booty. The legend demands a body that sublimates this confluence of crimes concealed with songs of freedom and greed concealed under austral fantasies. This is [romantically] called redemptive love. Today it would perhaps be called tax regularization. Then we meet Senta. Reclining in a friar's chair / in a spacious room with a view to nowhere \ Senta spins and wistfully contemplates a painting that depicts the curse of the Flying Dutchman [that is: his need for a homeland: that is: his willingness to concentrate all that money in a place where / over time \ they'll name a street after him and his children will grow up being able to exploit others]. So Senta decides to embody the redemption of the sad seafarer. What she will embody will be a prototypical sublimation of the conjunction of nationalism and industrial society in the 19th century: she will become virtuality / allegory: she will be the transaction herself. Senta is Penelope in the story of the Dutchman ["a bad version: an in-version",

says \ Simply: aciremA to herself]. But now she's not spinning alone. She's joined by a chorus of spinners [social transaction]: *Summ' und brumm' \ du gutes Rädchen / [munter] munter dreh' dich um! \ [Spinne] spinne tausend Fädchen / [gutes Rädchen] summ' und brumm'!* "Buzz and hum \ good spinning wheel / [turn] turn on yourself! \ [Spin] spin a thousand threads / [good spinning wheel] buzz and hum!"¹³ At this point, Simply: aciremA gets all mixed up with the stories and decides to get to the point: that there is no odyssey [neither ancient nor modern] without a return. "*Et non plus ultra sine plusvalor*".

"No investor / no moneylender / no banker / ever had enough of the mere things of Huelva."

[Applause].

"The most virtual of the motifs that recurs throughout the film is the monarchy." \ she says. "When I talk about virtuality I'm referring to that text by Kantorowicz on medieval theology and the dual nature of the king's body. A human and perishable body like anyone else's but at the same time one which transcends not only life and death ["the king is dead / long live the king"] but also the systems [from the feudal to the financial to the industrial] through that obtuse form of reality [which the centuries have not yet sufficiently ridiculed] called monarchy. There we see Juliana's mother abdicating the throne in favour of her daughter \ both on the palace balcony: what a wonderful scene and what a welcome expression on Juliana's \ overwhelmed face, from which one can sense what she [apparently] exclaimed upon being crowned, "Who am I to be doing this?" In all the scenes in which "that bad actress" appears / Simply: aciremA sees "an undisguised interest of the film in bringing together the idea of monarchy and merchandise."

[...]

Then it became more difficult for me to understand... Something of the passive [per]version of power... ["a virtuality"] and... etc. "In short: everything revolves around the fourth question". And ...a prolonged silence. Not uncomfortable but expectant. Fabulous. Moist. Like a sauna. Then, someone in the audience stands up and says, "What do you mean by the

¹³ *Mein Schatz da draußen \ auf dem Meer / im Süden er viel Gold gewinnt \ ach, gutes Rädchen / saus' noch mehr! \ Er gibt's dem Kind / wenn's fleißig spinnt. \ Spinnt! Spinnt! / Fleißig [Mädchen]! \ Brumm'! Summ'! / Gutes Rädchen! \ Tra la ra la... usw.*

"My love is / In the South Sea / Earning much gold / Good spinning wheel / He'll bring it to his girl / If he spins well / Spin! Spin! \ Apply yourselves, [girls]! / Good spinning wheel \ buzz and hum! / Tra-la-ra-la-la, etc."

Act II - Scene 1 of the opera *The Flying Dutchman* [*Der Fliegende Holländer* - 1843] - words and music by Richard Wagner.

fourth question?" "Yeah," another chimes in. "What is the fourth question?" And yet another one / who also stands up, says: "Yes \ please / tell us: What is the fourth question?" Some are interested in knowing the answer: "Is the answer to the fourth question... the fourth answer?"

The document closes unexpectedly [in other words: suddenly]. The ITA people tell me that there was a mole from the Contraimaginal in the assembly. There was a bit of commotion just when it seemed like Simply : aciremA was going to say something about the fourth question. He accused her of pla-pla-plagiarism. [Yes: he was nervous]. And to the cry of "*qua-qua-quadratisch - pra-pra-praktisch - gggut*" / he threw a stinking wet bomb of video clips of Christmas themes with long-suffering images of blonde children dressed as shepherd boys devouring chocolate. When things calmed down and the air was cleared of the poisonous, department store stench of smoke, Simply: aciremA had disappeared.

3.

The ITA people tell me that she sought to remain unnoticed during the screening of *Odyssey*. That she was strongly inspired by the film to develop the notion of the small room.¹⁴ That she was still wrestling with the question of the frizzante relationship of the small room to the enclosed space of the editor. That she remembered *Where does your hidden smile lie?* / a film by Pedro Costa in which we see Danielle Huillet editing *Sicily!* \ [while Jean Marie Straub smokes cigars \ gets up / paces from one side to the other \ stands next to the door / rants against those who consider the non-existence of the idea: he is that fiery and curmudgeonly soul compared to which Huillet seems *quadratisch - praktisch - gut*: on the other hand \ it is common - however - for someone to allow themselves to set themselves on fire when they know that the firefighters are nearby] but he couldn't remember where he'd seen the images of Danielle that had seemed most decisive to him: those where "she's in a garden ... hanging up white sheets." With these images in mind / he says aloud, modulating his voice as if reading poetry: "to edit a film: don't wash your hands but rather your clothes. And hang them out in the sun." She wondered if the enclosed space of the editor had originally been a small room that the editor washed inch by inch with his bare hands. "It is not dirt that vexes the walls \ floor and ceiling of the small room

¹⁴ Many houses don't have a lounge and fewer still have a guest room / but all have a small room. In most German \ Swiss and Austrian houses the function of the small room is fulfilled by the basement. In many French houses it is attached to the cellar. In some areas of Andalusia \ [I don't know about now, but in the past] they called it \ simply / the little room. The Spain of rich and independently wealthy who turned into neoliberals under the right wing of Philipism [or under both wings] as so effectively [albeit unconsciously] demonstrated in that bad-good movie of that good-bad novel titled *Stories from the Kronen* \ tried to hide the ghosts of class by converting the small cleaning room into the bedroom of the help. The notion of small room also extends to cubicles for waste \ [warehouses / storage rooms \ garbage rooms]. It contains everything that we self-exclude from our lives: not only what we don't want others to see but what we ourselves don't want to see. This is why the small room is not a volumetric space [at least not in the literal sense] or a psychological one but \ [rather] a rhetorical space. For example: in *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* (1986 - John McNaughton) the small room turns out to be a briefcase.

but corpses / decomposing bodies \ the worst of every house..." — she writes. And then she remembers Bluebeard's forbidden cabinet in the old tale compiled by Perrault. "And taking the little key, he opened the door of the cabinet, trembling. At first he saw nothing / Because the windows were closed. After a few seconds, objects began to stand out and he noticed that the floor was completely covered with curdled blood and that the bodies of several dead women were reflected in it and fastened to the walls." The moral of the story was long considered to be a warning about women's curiosity. What it was warning about [she thought] was the existence of the putrid spaces of power. She compared them [because the interpreters insisted on the subject of curiosity for years] to cabinets of curiosities or wonder chambers. One need only look at one of Gustave Doré's illustrations of the story \ [in which Blue Beard with bulging eyes, piercing with desire / stares at her hands as he takes the key to the forbidden room] to realize that the darkest sense of "curiosity" was not found in the so-called feminine attitude but rather in his objectifications and fetishizations and his macabre collection of "curiosities." In that which curiosity enshrouds. She wondered whether, in addition to all this, that violence could be read in the same symbolic dimension with which violence to women's bodies had been exposed on so many other occasions: she wondered \ ultimately / whether those dead women had been workers / and whether they had been killed for being workers.

Of course, in her search for a relationship between the small room and the editor's closed space, it was logical to think of a work cabins. And despite the disjointed images of stooped spinners that came to her \ [which she perceived as belonging to a painting by Velázquez \ *The Fable of Arachne* / better known as *The Spinners*], she was obstinate in her refusal to compare editing with spinning. Penelope had to be regarded as a writer. And she was willing to work on the appearance of the editor as a combative spirit that arises within the industrial machinery, taking the writer Penelope as a model. To do so, she had to banish \ expel / purge any inference of a relationship with the thread. Spinning was nothing more to Simply: aciremA than an ingenious spark connecting disjointed links. She was no more appreciative of the charm of the collective creation of women in the spinning mills than one might be of the communitarisation of the closeness between cigar makers, canners or match makers. But the object was different in one case and the other. The spinning wheel was the object of the spinners / that connected them to the mills and the circularity of the oral story and the song. I was greatly moved [by its profound beauty] when I saw a Portuguese television show from the 70s [*Povo que canta* \ by the ethnomusicologist Michel Giacometti] in which an old miller's wife turned the mill wheel with her feet \ while / with great difficulty and very exhausted \ singing a *cantiga da roda*. However, she understood that for the editor the object was different: a table. And the table \ [she thought] linked her to the writer and the written story. The ace up her sleeve was *A Room*

of One's Own / Virginia Woolf \ and specifically the passage in which she refers to the unfortunate way in which Jane Austen wrote her novels: in a sitting room / passage space open to anyone. "She always took great care to ensure that neither the servants \ nor the visitors / nor anyone outside her family circle suspected her occupations," —she noted, citing the recollection of a nephew. Every time someone would interrupt her \ she would hide what she was doing / she would hide her manuscripts \ "she would cover them with a blotter" / and look the other way. "She was a good actress."

The ITA people \ [however] ended up providing me with an interesting piece of information. Just before her appearance before the assembly \ Simply: AciremA recognised aloud that she had made a major mistake. She put her hands to her face \ [a la *macaulay*] and said: "What a fool!"

Level Five. Fusio Eremua.

[On the other side of the nadir view]

Then I realise that I am crumbling in the silence. I am the Humpty Dumpty of *narán ratán*:
*sat on a wall / we had a great fall \ All the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men / Couldn't
put us together again.*

Yes [it's true] at first glance it might not seem like I had a very interesting life. A puddle?
Hopefully, Didi-Huberman transformed into a dog comes by and licks me up \ [and I would
be lucky: have you ever seen how a dog drinks and what it does with its tongue? There's no
writer capable of doing with language what a dog does with its tongue].

All the facts illuminated in the previous levels \ [from one to two \ and then from three to
four] are darkened in this one. It is:

- a) the perfect time to understand that there is nothing to understand.
- b) the perfect time to unleash that radical disinterest of some people in anything.

I choose b) and yawn at length. I have a terrible desire to let go of myself: What if I go to
sleep? What if I transform into an animal? \ [Or better yet: a teenager?] By the way: it's
terribly hot in *ratán narán*. The table then tells me that there are five levels or zones: it tells
me that in Level One \ [...] And I don't understand. What do you mean? It tells me: there are
five keys in code. What does this stupid table say about the five keys? What kind of a
ridiculous riddle is this? Why am I here instead of with my friends at a picnic area \ when the
sun goes down / hooking up with a girl or a guy or both? \ [I'm transformed into a
teenager!]. Bloody hell, it's bloody hot. \ [I talk like this because I chose option b) but let's
say now that I chose option a) there's nothing to understand] He tells me: five keys to
understand ... How it works? I interrupt / thinking about how that smart boy would have
answered, the one who said to me the other day: if you give me your sandwich, I'll let you
taste my lollipop [unfortunately for both of us, I also had a lollipop that day]. The five keys
could be the five ages of women \ [then I wonder why sometimes the presence of the
definite article before words like "women" or "men" gives me chills: perhaps because I
suddenly feel as parochial as an illustration in a neo-catechumen magazine?]: five ages: five
eras in unreal times / from the remote past to the insurmountable future \ [a future where
only the emblematic absence of the letter 'n' between the 'o' and the 't' distances it from
the image of a great river / in which we are swimming against the current: that other
future: the great insurmountable river of life: the insurmountable future that one never
arrives at \ and never returns from / the 'n' is the umpteenth attempt to vanquish one

future or the other]. The five eras are: Iron Age / Roman Age \ Machine Age / Big Data Age \ Lambda Age. Oops / this sounds familiar to me. It reflects the cadence in which this fifth level is winding up. *MachineStonePlantAnimal*. They call the intercom [what intercom?] Ah no / but they interfere from somewhere [everything is much more disconcerting on the other side of the nadir view]. I hear myself saying "Could we have a quiet conversation?" I hear them say "Get out of there." I hear myself reply that I don't quite understand them. I hear them tell me "Don't think about it." "How?" \ [I don't know who I'm talking to / how many]. Commanding voice, "Get out!" Dramatic voice, "Pay attention [darling]". Voices slightly lost in the tumult of the tubular waves. "There's nothing to be done". "There's no solution". "I would let him be transformed until the end". "There's no end to avatars." "Really?" "It would be transformed into the greatest of nightmares: the infinite solitude of the digit."

And yet everything is much simpler than that: I never stopped being a puddle. All of those voices were not exactly above me. They were ripples spreading out in concentric circles.

Just in time, I receive the report that I requested from a fellow investigator, L.A. / L for Leire and A for Aramberri. She participated in one of the five eras. She tells me that the projection started and ended with the same image: an eye. She tells me that between these two images there were babbling / feminist marches \ questions about god[esses] \ / cans of coca cola and futuristic parties with a special ovation to the "*Virgen de la Zarza*."

She tells me that there are several repeating images. But they occupy a very different place each time they appear. "It's like telling a story about someone who always wears the same clothes."

She confesses to me that it scared her to think that the story about the last age \ [the Lambda Era / 3000 AD] could come to pass. And she adds: "Curiously, the youngest group in the room worked on it."

La Jetée comes to mind again when I read that while the film was playing she felt like she was in a tunnel." A metal tunnel with overflows along the way that get filled with the combustion of the images." She says that the Alhóndiga almost always gives her that "underground feeling."

She tells me about the sound editing process. Her group got the Iron Age [the year 1000 BC]. They went down to the baths and recorded the sound of an invocation ritual to find out where the discovery of this material would take them. This is why they had to do a ritual.

They took off their masks and turned off the lights. A woman's voice invoked in Basque the iron and its presence in the town: *ireki zuloa ireki zuloa atera atera atera ezpata eraiki atera burdina ...* [Meanwhile] the members of the group hit the metal soap container with a pencil and babbled. They came out a little scared. They had met each other that same day and had performed a ritual with their faces uncovered. In conclusion, she tells me, "When I got home it felt as if I had been far away."

EPILOGUE

Fusio Eremua (the playlist)